

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Black Vikings"

(feat. Styles P, Vinnie Paz, Poison Pen)

[Verse 1: Immortal Technique]

Back like I was locked up, putting in work
Burning through books like nazi's in a catholic church
I'm cursed like cain when he murdered his brother
Cut your face off and wear it while I'm fucking your mother
I'm mars ultor, the avenger, the god of war
And if you don't believe in me, I doubt you believe in god at all
I breathe smokeless fire, the Jinn type
That'll make you hate the way that allah made you to live life
Like hindu, niggas that be bleaching their skin white
Other people's teeth in my hands after a fist fight
I was born with a sixth sense and a swift right
Skinned werewolves and rape demons at midnight
Sell your kids into slavery after we murder you
Or sacrifice them in the same fire we burnin' you
Barbarian funeral, nigga, you wanna know?
Damn the river, bury me, and let the water flow

[Hook: Poison Pen]

Chaos, mayhem, bang outs, slay them, uprising, rape them, raid them
Cage em, pandemonium, insurgent, death merchants, commit the best murder
Pillage, Kill them, erase history, make them a mystery

[Verse 2: Styles P]

Cut the nose off, the ears off, the whole head
Immortal and ghost coming, code red
You never seen a black barbarian
Warrior, warlord, pussy, cut your balls off
More bodies come, more bodies hauled off
What you want the sword and get shit sawed off
Your throat need an axe in it
And I'm breaking your back because your spine needed a crack in it
You bugging me, I'm coming to fumigate
The wolverine, the sabre tooth, the way that I mutilate
I'm like the viking in Valhalla Rising
Except I got black skin and both of my eyes in
Don't test him, please don't stress him
He'll hang you from a tree with your own intestines
How you wanna die? make your own suggestion
Now talk to the lord and make your own confession

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Vinnie Paz]

You pussies living in a movie theatre
Put the motherfucking spell on you like brujeria
Chop his motherfucking head like a ruthless leader

Guns drawn in a church service, shoot the preacher
You need to be godly to know allah
Ain't no rappers eating around me, like a broken jaw
It ain't ever been a day that I ain't broke the law
What you think I hold a motherfucking toaster for?
I ain't going there, there's police in that room
And vinnie walk around with bags of dust like a vacuum
Bury you under the earth inside a black tomb
My body covered in Dashiki and stab wounds
I'm a guerilla, barbarians is my ancestors
That's a part of my neurological transmitters
We Islamic and brought the story of shem with us (Al hamdu Allah!)
While we brought the motherfucking blam blam with us

[Hook]

[Outro]

The walls have been breached! ANFALL!!!
We came in the name of peace and brotherhood, you wanted us bound in slavery, poisoned our water, changed
our names...
Burn their homes, take their jewels, skin them alive!
Hold on, hold on, hold on...
No one will know these people ever existed, and all that will be left is what we build upon their ruins...

Thanks to Eugen Kabinde for correcting these lyrics.